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THREE DECORATIVE SUPPERS GIVEN BY THREE DECORATIVE MAIDENS.

By ETHEL DUDLEY MORSE.

FANCY a rather small room with cream tinted walls upon one of which is a series of overhanging shelves holding a glittering array of rich blue and white china cups and saucers, the latter standing in solemn rows and the cups saucily swinging from tiny brass hooks. Against the adjoining wall stands an old sideboard loaded with dishes, an immense soup-tureen of the same blue and white contrasting with the amber colors of the sherry in the old English glass decanters. Above the sideboards runs a high, narrow shelf bearing the tea-plates of the precious Wedgewood "Landscape" set to meet a demure Salem mahogany cupboard which has modestly retired into a corner with its burden of silver and glass, glimpses of which it permits us to catch through its latticed doors. A quaint little room, truly, its crowning glory the round table in the middle of the room, surrounded by high-backed, mahogany Nantucket chairs with hospitably wide seats and embracing arms. It was at this table that one little supper was eaten.

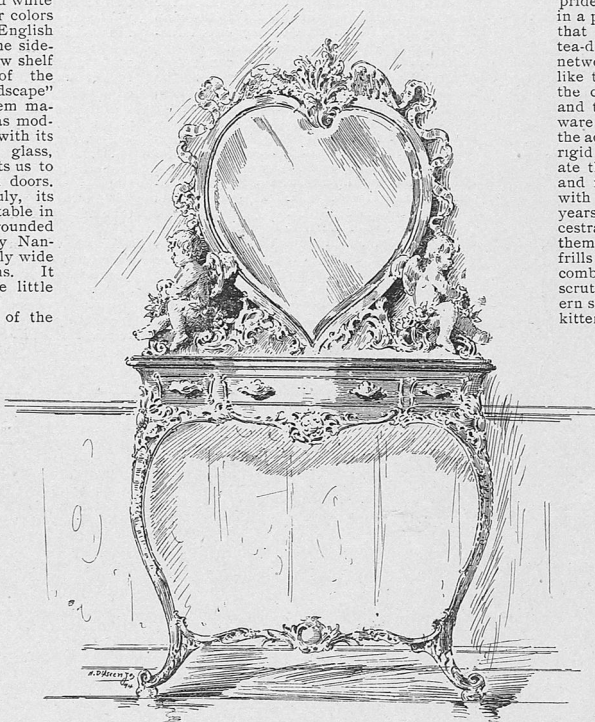
First to catch the eyes of the guests as they entered the room was a high branching silver candlestick, of the Queen Anne pattern dear to collectors, which stood in the centre of the table and cast a soft, brilliant light from its many white, unshaded candles. On either side of its shining foot was a silver salt cellar of the same period, wide and deep, the edges bearing the same design as that decorating the candlestick. I noticed this identical pattern in the silver meat platter, the vegetable-dishes, and even the tray carried by the maid. The china was throughout white and gold, and as the dainty supper progressed I made another interesting discovery—that the border of the damask tablecloth and napkins matched the cutting and engraving of the decanters, water-bottles and wine-glasses. Color for this pretty table was given by a tall cut glass vase holding a handful of Gloire de Dijon roses, by the vegetable salads and the wines, but most of all by the gay dresses of the women guests—and the wit of the men. Apropos of the cosey round table, one of them had this story to tell of a charming English widow who was almost the first to introduce the innovation to London society. When questioned as to her reasons for her choice of such an unconventional shape for her hospitable board, she answered, "Ah, my friend, since dear my lord has gone I would have no other man, say 'I have sat at the head of Lady ———'."

The second was an Aladdin supper, a dream from the Arabian Nights, given by a clever artist, the presiding genius of a beautiful studio. In a corner of his huge high-ceiled room, lighted by Moorish lamps and grotesque Chinese lanterns, the dining-table was set under a Bagdad canopy up-

held by carved, rust-eaten chains and spears. A cloth of marvelously fine Madras muslin, richly embroidered in the dim poetic colors of the East, covered the perfect square of the board, displaying the shimmering glassware, glowing with a thousand prismatic tints, and the exquisite painted china, each piece of which was well worth an hour's study. This was a feast of color, a riot of red and gold and the mysterious blues and greens of the Orient. During the meal musicians hidden behind feathery palms and a pierced sandalwood screen

squashes and scarlet peppers adorned the chimney hood. Quaint mirrors, one with an extraordinary painting in its upper section of a collection of gaudy fruit in a bilious looking basket, reflected the lights from a candle sconce overhanging the long table, spread with an exceedingly handsome cloth of Irish linen. The supper service was a full set of delicious old Meissen, the result of long and patient search on the part of its owner, and the funny little pictures on the dessert set, of Old World children in ungainly gowns aping the manners and amusements

of their elders, were her especial pride. Tea was brewed that night in a priceless Crown Derby tea-pot that had outlived generations of tea-drinkers, as it showed by its network of fine stains and scars, like the wrinkles time paints on the cheeks of a woman's beauty, and the dainty cups of the same ware were carefully touched by the admiring guests. They sat in rigid cane-bottomed chairs and ate the simple meal with knives and forks of old silver engraved with the initials of owners of long years past. From the walls ancestral portraits looked down upon them, and lovely maidens with frills and furbelows and high combs, *en silhouette*, cast sidelong scrutinizing glances at their modern sisters below. A glossy black kitten played on the hearth in perilous proximity to a spindle-legged table, and the firelight cast wavering shadows on warming-pans and spinning-wheel. It was a Colonial kitchen, a nursery of inspiration to its happy author.



A Ladies' Dressing-Table. By Nicola D'Ascenzo, Philadelphia, Pa.

A USEFUL MUSIC-STAND.

By EVA MARIE KENNEDY.

A VERY useful, dainty and inexpensive music-stand could be had by procuring from any furniture dealer, in an unfinished condition, a box three feet high by one foot five inches wide. This box should stand on four substantial feet, and at the top some fancy woodwork should ornament the edges, and, if desired, a small plate glass mirror might be added with excellent results. This should then be covered with two coats of white enamel paint. The inside of the music-stand should also be painted white, as well as the four or five shelves which it should contain, each shelf being just large enough to hold a sheet of music or a flat music-holder. In front of these shelves, a dainty white silk curtain embroidered in yellow, blue, green or any desired shade of Asiatic Roman floss, should hang, suspended from a brass rod at the top.

This same idea could be carried out in polished oak, or in any wood that would correspond with the piano or other furniture in the drawing-room or music-room, as the case may be. With the polished oak a pale blue curtain, embroidered in two or three shades of blue Asiatic rope silk, would be very pretty, the curtain not of necessity being of silk, blue linen or denim being both serviceable and pretty.

played the haunting melodies of the Nautch girls, and incense, cloyingly sweet, burned in bronzed braziers. The supper was served by negroes clad in the picturesque Hindoo livery adopted by their master for his indoor servants, and when the meal was ended they passed to each of the guests a tiny bowl of fragrant rose water and a fragile porcelain cup set in filigree and filled with strong black Turkish coffee.

The third little supper was so simple, in such direct contrast to the sumptuousness of the first, the gorgeousness of the second, yet in many ways it was perhaps the most effective of the three. Again a studio, but this quite differently furnished. A veritable homespun carpet in cool grey-blues and faded reds covered the floor and met the broad terra cotta hearth stone. Under a spacious fireplace in the chimney hung an iron crane and the customary old blue and white mugs in brown and snuff yellow, and turkey feather fans, gay crook-neck